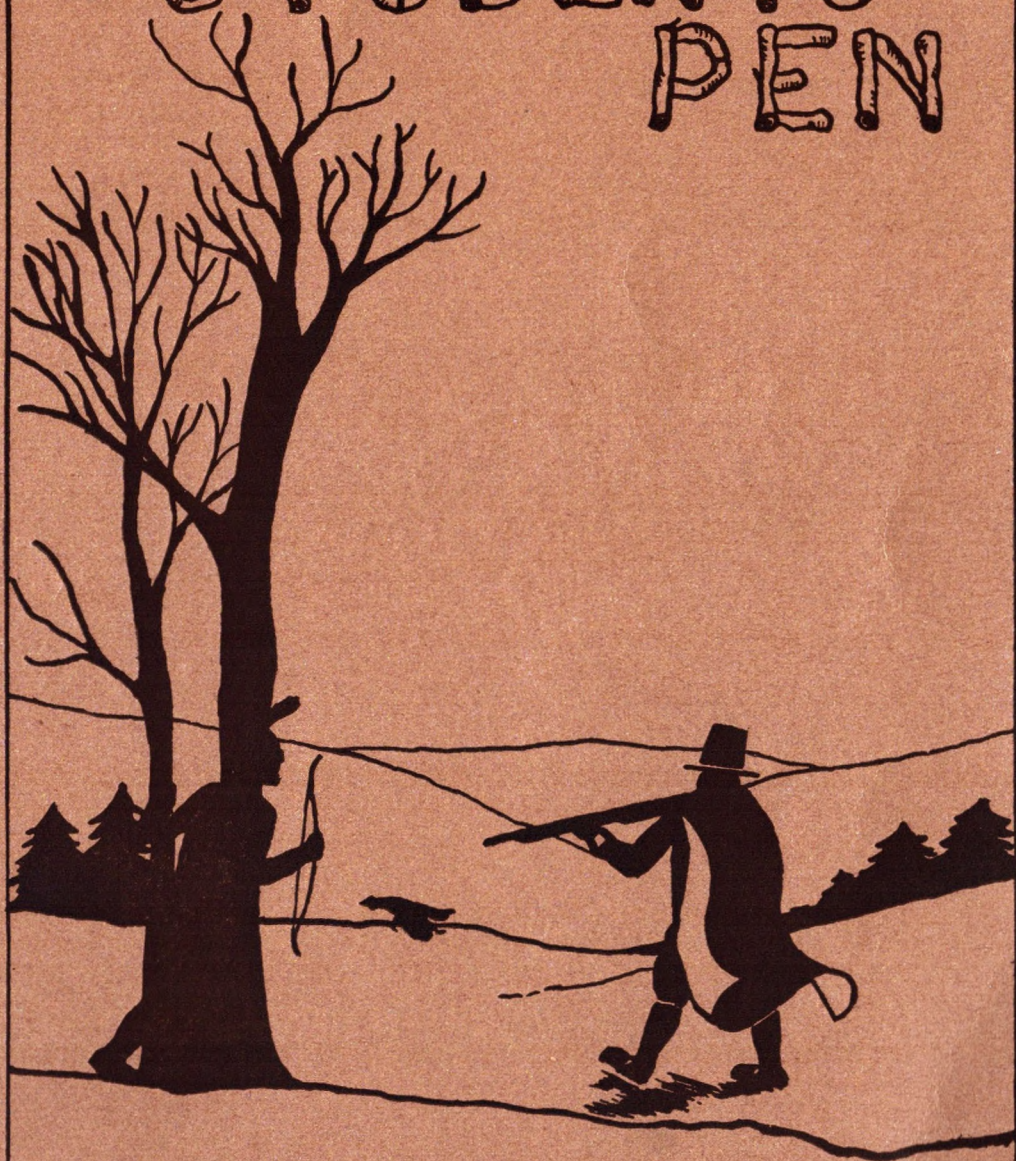


THE STUDENT'S PEN



NOVEMBER - 1937

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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Be Ye Thankful

By Loraine Dakin

Be ye thankful, all ye children,
 For this wondrous earth of ours—
 For our homes, our joys, our sorrows—
 For the trees, the birds, and flowers.

Be ye thankful for those hours
 Spent in heedless, childish play;
 For those things that He created
 Which surround us every day.

All our plans, our schemes, our hopes
 Center 'round the "Glorious One"
 For by Him all were created
 The moon, the stars, the sun.

Thus be ye thankful one and all,
 For all lands, oceans, and the seas—
 For winter, summer, spring, and fall,
 And give your thanks on bended knees.

On the Editor's Desk



OUR HERITAGE

By Dorothy Shelton

NOVEMBER! Thanksgiving! Turkey!
 It's time for family reunions. Time to eat, drink and be merry. And it's also time to think about our heritage.

We are all familiar with the story of the first Thanksgiving. Of how the Pilgrims gave thanks to God in the fall of 1621 for their plentiful harvest. Most of us realize that had it not been for these courageous Pilgrims and other early settlers we might not now be enjoying "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" on this great American continent. But do we realize that we are also indebted to our hardy ancestors for the great privilege (though some do not regard it as such) of attending free public schools?

It was always a problem in the early days of our country of how to secure an education. As the royal governors of the colonies did not want the colonists educated for fear that they themselves might be put out of power, they did everything in that power to prevent the establishment of free public schools. But Massachusetts, fortunate in not having a royal governor in 1647, passed in that year a law which required each town of fifty families to support an elementary school, and each town of one hundred families to support a grammar or college preparatory school. This was the beginning of our free school system.

But, even so, these early schools were inadequate and poorly equipped, and if a Pilgrim child were to be allowed to attend one of our

modern schools, he would consider it an honor. But, like so many things that we fail to appreciate because we take them for granted, most of us do not honor our school.

Besides enjoying the reputation as an early seat of education, Massachusetts also has some of the finest schools in the country within its borders. Pittsfield High is one of them. I could not help the feeling of pride that swept over me the other day when I heard a young lady from Minnesota, who has traveled rather widely, say that she thought Pittsfield High School one of the loveliest schools she had ever seen.

Will that statement be true ten years from today? It will if you can be counted on to do your part and show your school spirit by obeying its rules, respecting the building itself, and by honoring its name. The athletic teams bring honor and glory to Pittsfield High time and time again in their competitions with other schools; but it is much more important that we, each and every one of us, bring glory to our school by making it a scholastic institution of the highest rank.

Pittsfield High is worth your respect and pride; see that she gets it! And in your celebration of the coming holiday season, when you pause to breathe a prayer of Thanksgiving, remember that our ancestors fought and made sacrifices that we might have free public schools; let us show them our appreciation by honoring Pittsfield High School.

STUDENT OPINION

TEACHERS' OATH BILL

I believe that the Teachers' Oath Bill should be repealed,—wiped off the statute books of Massachusetts! New Deal dictatorship is no worse than this law which compels us to salute the American flag at least once a week. Gladly and respectfully would I salute our flag, but under law, it's another matter. We should all feel free to criticize our government both in public and in the privacy of our homes. We, as future citizens, should, if we are to better our beloved country. Therefore our teachers should be free and unhampered by teachers' oath bills to place these evils before us for discussion. The Massachusetts Teachers' Oath Bill has thrown a darker shadow over those privileges regarding freedom of religion and speech than any other bill to my knowledge. When these rights are taken from us, the Teacher's Oath Bill will be in order.

L. M. L. A.

ROOSEVELT AND WORLD PEACE

A few weeks ago President Roosevelt threw quite a bombshell into the faces of the American people by denouncing, in a speech at Chicago, the present isolationist policy so prevalent here today. Roosevelt has done many things during his administration for which he has been severely criticized; but I certainly felt, after hearing this speech, that he knew exactly what he was talking about in relation to world affairs. Probably a complete isolationist policy would go far toward keeping us out of another war, but it would do nothing toward getting and preserving World Peace. America could accomplish much more by a union with other peace-loving nations to help put down the aggressiveness of so many European countries today.

Evelyn Palme

WAR AND THE UNITED STATES

The present war in China seems horrible to us here in America who know only what we see in newsreels and read in newspapers, but in reality it must be even more horrible than we imagine. The bombing of innocent civilians with cold, calculating regard to its possible effect on the population as a whole, is a most effective warning against wholesale slaughter by nations filled with land hunger and a lust for power. There is no doubt that American sentiment is pro-Chinese, regardless of our interests there, but the seriousness of becoming involved in the struggle is not to be considered lightly. We, as a nation, should stand ready to protect our interests if threatened, but we should otherwise continue our usual policy of "hands off".

Marie Bradway

NARCOTICS

Most of us know, or should know, the evil effects of narcotics. In recent years, in the United States, thousands have died from the effects of drugs. Due to the lack of patronage, or the urge to create a larger one, the dealers in drugs have invaded the high schools of the larger cities, and have made many additions to the long list of addicts. The high school boy or girl who smokes doped cigarettes, known as "Reefers", little realizes that he is a fiend in the making who will not be satisfied by the comparatively mild effects of "Reefers". In a short time, he will turn to cocaine, opium, or some other drug much stronger. There are still greater evils to come when the addict cannot afford to buy the costly drugs; robbery or even murder may be, and usually is, the final result. We should organize a fight against such dreadful practices, and be alert, lest we be brought into the circle of this ever increasing mass of human wrecks.

George H. Robillard

ATHLETICS VERSUS STUDIES—HAS THE SIDESHOW ECLIPSED THE CIRCUS?

By Edward Caropreso

IN these days of modernity, of streamline, speed, fast living, short lives, and sport, the problem of learning and athletics may be likened to a boxing match. The defender and champion, Studies, versus the fresh upstart, Athletics. Studies, the champion for many years, is getting old, weak, unpopular and uninteresting, no longer glamorous to the crowds. In the other corner is Athletics, the strong, fresh, popular rival, the very picture of color and excitement. Who will win? The young challenger is favored, of course.

The purpose of a sideshow is to attract more attention to the main tent. The reasons for news films and comedies are to fill in the program and to create expectancy for seeing the main feature. Is this the position athletics now play? Are studies the main attraction with athletics a selected added feature "to fill in the program"? Athletics appear to have vastly overshadowed and darkened the true reason for school, learning. It itself is the main feature with studies an unlikeable companion.

Cliff Melton, who has played a large part in winning the National League pennant for the Giants, was a star basketball player in high school. Consequently, he had offers from five colleges on graduating, just for his ability to throw an air-filled sphere into a basket. It would be supposed that Melton grasped at the chance, but he preferred big league baseball to a college education. Of course, this isn't always the case. There are thousands of men attending a high institution solely for the enjoyment derived from competition, from the sweat and toil on a gridiron, or hard physical contact on a basketball court, and for the thrill of fighting for dear old Wigglesworth U., and hearing the excited crowds cheer his name.

Last month millions of school boys ran home from school, into the house breathlessly, threw down whatever book they happened to carry home for the sake of appearance, and dashed for the radio to listen to the coast-to-coast broadcast of the World Series. One year I heard the game broadcast while I was in school in a science room. The teacher had actually halted class work to listen to the game because of his own personal interest. America is sports-conscious, too conscious for its own good.

In Germany it appears that athletics have gained supremacy over studies. The boys are being trained so precisely to an edge that they are being converted to human automatic machines. Bravery, courage, the ability to absorb and inflict bodily punishment is being stressed, not the necessity of broadening knowledge. In fact it is questioned whether it is essential for everyone to learn. What is the use of everyone studying when there are a few brilliant men to lead the ordinary masses? With such a philosophy, dictatorships and wars are inevitable.

Evidently such emphasis on athletics will never be the case in America. It seems impossible that athletic training will ever be forced on American youth, for Americans dislike being compelled to do anything. On the other hand, it is apparent that athletics voluntarily engaged in have taken the place of equality with or maybe supremacy over learning.

"It's too bad you can't graduate with the rest of us."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"But you won't get your diploma, Joe."

"What's a diploma, anyway. You can't wear it on your sweater like you can a letter."

(Continued on Page 32)

LOST IN A LOST CITY

By Isabelle C. Sayles

"RUTH—Ruth Custer! I've the most wonderful news! Try to guess!" A tall, blond girl with sparkling blue eyes danced into Ruth Custer's bedroom. "Dad's company is sending him to Mexico for three months, and I'm going with him!"

"Oh, Jean, it's lovely, b-but what shall I do without you?" Ruth's mouth drooped sadly.

"Cheer up, Ruthie. You are going with me."

"Jean Lawrence! You're not fooling me?"

"Ask Dad. He said a mining camp in Mexico was no place for a poor, motherless girl, so he thought you should go along. Let's go ask your mother if you may go."

"But, Jean," impetuous Ruth stopped a moment, "maybe I can't go. Mother's been ill and we can't afford a housekeeper. I was going to work this summer and start my college fund, so we can go to Fernbrooke together."

"Your mother will let you go, and we'll get the money if I have to lend it to you. I saved this as a final bribe—Brother Bob will be there for a month, and he's promised to teach you to play the accordion—if you'll bake him some lemon pies."

She knew Ruth couldn't resist. Tall, fair, handsome Bob Laurence was leader of a well-known orchestra, a noted accordion player, and the idol of Ruth's heart, although he didn't know it. Ruth loved her accordion, and to take lessons from him would be heaven.

A month later the two girls, with Mr. Laurence, Bob, and an old housekeeper, arrived at the little town in Central America. There were few Americans there, and Ruth and Jean were the only girls. They noticed at the outset one villainous person who followed them around, but one of the officials who knew him said he was harmless.

Two nights after their arrival the girls were awakened by a loud scream in the patio

outside their window. When they got there, the servants told them that one of the men, Greene, an American mining engineer, had been stabbed by a native called Juan; the man who had been called "queer but harmless." He had got away with five thousand dollars of the payroll money. A reward of five hundred dollars was offered for the capture of the murderer, and one hundred dollars for the return of the money. With no idea how they were to do it, Ruth and Jean decided to get the rewards.

The next day the girls woke early. Finding the day a lovely one, they decided to go for a horseback ride. After riding for some time, Ruth slowed her horse to a walk.

"Jean, let's try this little side trail instead of going straight west. We were told not to use trails that aren't well traveled, but some one has been here since it rained yesterday."

(Continued on Page 9)

COURAGE

By Isabelle C. Sayles

Courage is something we need all through life

To face these days of sorrow and strife

Courage to win and courage to fight,

Courage for day and courage for night.

When it is gone to our shame we can see

What a pitiful object a person can be.

Don't lose your courage; fight and you'll win;

Without old Friend Courage life's not worth a pin.

Perhaps you'll slip as you travel, but then

Courage will help you get going again.

Days maybe dreary and nights may be long

But just keep on fighting with courage along.

It was evident that the trail had been used very little, for the surroundings grew wilder as they advanced.

"Ruth," Jean said, "it's terribly hot. I think a storm is going to hit us before long. Shall we turn back?"

"All right, but—w-why Jean! Where is the trail?"

"Ruthie! We aren't lost, are we?"

"We're certainly not on the trail, but I suppose we can follow our tracks back through the brush till we reach the road—unless the storm breaks."

Anxiously they followed their tracks. Little gusts of wind, raising clouds of sand, gradually increased in violence till the branches cracked and snapped.

"Look, Jean! Those clouds over there! We haven't much time. Hurry!"

"What's that over there? Looks like a building. Let's see if we can get shelter there. We'll never get home before the storm breaks."

Turning aside, they forced their way toward the structure. The wind tore at them as they came out into what was apparently the courtyard of an old, deserted building.

"Ruth!" Jean grabbed her friend's arm and shouted with delight. "It must be a lost Aztec city. Let's tie our horses and run for cover. We can explore later." After putting the horses in a tumble-down house, the girls raced down the slight hill to a large, well-preserved building. As they ran about seeking an entrance, a crash of lightning and a gust of rain sent them into a little alcove in the wall.

Jean started to move forward when a hoarse whisper from Ruth stopped her.

"Look over there! Isn't that Juan?"

She pointed to the east where the Mexican, who had been sleeping, was getting to his feet. Involuntarily Jean screamed.

"Shush," Ruth whispered sharply. "Do you want him to find us?"

But it was too late. Juan was stumbling toward them as they cowered in their little

shelter. Jean, her back flat against the wall, spoke tensely.

"Ruth, the wall's moving. There must be a door behind me."

The pressure of her body was opening a panel behind her.

Hastily the girls slipped in and felt their way along the dark passage. Jean, looking back, gasped, "He's followed us, and the door has closed behind him."

They stumbled along until, rounding a corner, they found themselves in a large dim room. Sobbing with relief, they slammed the heavy door shut.

For what seemed like hours they remained motionless and then crept silently toward a large structure in the middle of the room.

"It must be an altar!" whispered Jean.

"Come here," said Ruth. "Look at this idol. It must be worth a fortune."

"That must be Quetzlecoatl or one of those creatures with unpronounceable names," said Jean laughing.

"He certainly is made of gold, and these jewels in his forehead must be priceless."

After examining the idol, they searched for an exit. They were slow to recognize the door when they did find it because it was so massive.

Together they pushed it, and slowly the great door swung open. The rain had stopped and evening was coming on. Getting their horses, they rode up the hill until Ruth whispered a warning, "There are horses coming!"

Jean listened a moment as the sounds drew nearer.

"It's Dad and Bob!" Slipping from their mounts, the girls rushed to Mr. Laurence and told their incoherent story.

Bob and two men were sent after Juan, and the girls were brought back to the camp for rest and food.

An hour later, on hearing Bob come in, they ran into the dining room.

"The outside door was closed," Bob informed them. "I could find no trace of it, but

(Continued on Page 32)

SERENADE IN THE NIGHT

By Edith Moore

PATSY DONOVAN shook her bright red curls, and said emphatically, "No."

"But Pat, you can't do this," Jim Haines protested, looking wearily at the small ring he held in his hand. "We've been engaged for nearly three years. Why, you've become a part of me!"

"That's just the trouble," she snapped. "I tell you, I'm through! There's going to be a little romance—glamour, in my life if I have to break a leg catching up with it."

"You mean that—that foreigner?"

"He is not! Perhaps he was born in Europe, but he is a citizen now, and he has just as much right to the name 'American' as you have, I want you to know!"

"He can't even speak the language," Jim said disgustedly.

"He can, too! He speaks beautifully, with just enough accent to be interesting," she insisted.

"Honestly, Pat," he argued, "I can't see for the life o' me what you see in that—that—"

"Don't say it!" she warned. "You're a stupid, jealous idiot. I see that we can't even be friends." She was shouting now. "Well, that's all right with me. Now, go and—"

He looked intently into her face, fire in his eyes. He was mad—mad clear through. He turned on his heel and strode swiftly out of the room, into the hall where he caught up his hat and coat in a single sweep of the hand, and hurried out of the house.

Patsy kept herself from finishing her last sentence; he was out of hearing distance anyway. Later she wrinkled up her freckled little nose and wondered if she had meant to say "Never darken my door again." "Whew! Such melodramatics!" she rebuked herself.

* * * * *

In the months that followed, Patsy was in heaven. Alexandre was very thoughtful. He called her every now and then to tell her that he missed her, though he saw her every night; he sent flowers; he complimented her every chance he got; he told her about "his country" in strange, beautiful phrases, saying he'd like to take her there—on a honeymoon.

In all those months she did not see, nor hear directly from Jim. It seemed that the earth had opened up and swallowed him; she would not admit to herself that she missed him. His gay, familiar speech; friendly manner; dark blue eyes that flashed black when he was excited or angry; his dear boyish smile that had always warmed her heart—no, she refused to admit that she missed him.

None of their mutual friends ever spoke of Jim to her, except once. A boy who was trying to tease said that Jim seemed to be letting his hair grow.

"Maybe he's going to be an artist," she mused. It seemed strange to her that he should become careless about his appearance, but she dismissed the thought lightly. After all, it meant nothing to her.

After a while Patsy began to grow weary of being treated like a fragile, china doll. She longed for a good fight! How she and Jim had fought!—But their relationship had seemed so much more natural than this.

"My sweet leetle flower," Alexandre would say, "are you not happy?" His eyes would glow with a sort of light that she had seen before in the eyes of a St. Bernard!

"I loof you," he said one night. "I want to take you to my countree. Tomorrow we weel see my mo-thier and ask her con-sent for our marriage."

Patsy turned her head away from him slowly, modestly. She was pleased with his

proposal. She had been waiting for it; wondering when it was coming. She had been pretty "fed up" lately, but this would be a new experience—glamour. Then, his words dawned upon her! She jerked her head around swiftly, and looked him fully in the face. The poor fish was looking serenely happy, she thought, innocently unaware that he had said anything out of the ordinary! Ask his mother's permission to marry her, indeed! She looked about for something to throw at him.

The time had come. Glamour was not for her, but she could not give him up—without having at least one good fight!

She leaned towards him and looked into his face; he smiled expectantly.

"You!" she shouted. He jumped as if she had stuck him.

"Oh, what ha-ve I doone? What ha-ve I say? Did I disturb you, my pet?" he cried anxiously.

"Don't you 'my pet' me—you spineless worm!" she screamed.

"Worm? Worm? I am no spineless worm!" His black eyes flashed indignantly. He was beginning to realize that she was angry with him—insulting him, and he didn't like it.

That was all that was necessary. She had hoped he would resent it. Her Irish temper had its way; her hands grasped for something to throw at him. She tossed a copy of "Gone With The Wind"—and he was.

When he came to his senses he found himself sprawling in an easy chair across the room from Patsy. Her eyes were still flashing.

He looked at the girl as though he thought her out of her mind. Then, remembering the thump on his head he cowered like a frightened child. "Pat-richia!" he exclaimed, astonished. She made a pretense of reaching for a book. In an instant he was out of his chair, and in the hall, where he grasped his things and fled.

In the next two weeks Patsy was the topic

of interest in the society gossip columns. It was hinted that she was grieving for a lost beau—the only trouble was that they didn't know whether he was a foreigner or an American—But they didn't get around to explain that for two weeks. When they did!

It was too much! She would go down to that city room tomorrow, and smear those gossip reporters all over the place—tonight she was too tired. She decided to get some sleep.

She turned out the light in her room, and sat down to think things over before preparing for bed. Before she knew what was happening she dozed off. She was awakened by the most outlandish noise! It was terrific!

Someone was bellowing beneath her window in a thick foreign accent. Between bellows, she thought she heard the strumming of a guitar, or some such instrument. So! this was what had become of those gossip columns! Some foreigner was playing and singing below her window! It wasn't Alex, she was sure. He didn't have such a thick accent; besides she had frightened him so, he was probably running yet! Well, whoever it was, he had some nerve!

She rushed into the bathroom and drew a pitcher of water. She'd fix him.

She opened the window quietly, and let the water fly. Then, she stood on tiptoe and looked curiously down. She burst into screaming laughter which awoke her family, and all the neighbors whom the serenading hadn't disturbed.

Below her window, looking up in amazement, his long, curly hair dripping; his suit well drenched, was Jim—her Jim. He was holding a guitar in one hand, letting it drag romantically to the ground.

"Come into the house, you darling idiot," she shouted happily, and she ran down to the front door to let him in.

Jim shrugged his dripping shoulders, and walked around to the door. "Well, I asked for it," he sighed wearily.

CALLIOPE

By Jack Duker

"STEP right this way, ladies and gents—step this way. See Terry the Texan Terror take on any of your local he-men. Who'll volunteer? Come, come, come. Who's the man that'll earn \$10 for every minute over three he stays in the ring with 'Terry the Texan Terror'?"

"Terry the Texan Terror" (who hailed from Hoboken, N. J.) watched the crowd gather around. He looked anything but a "Terror". He was tall and well built. His hair was black and curly. He smiled good-naturedly at the audience.

"I hope none of these hicks are tough. They're certainly big. I'll have ta put 'em away early. 'Big Joe's' been gettin' sore lately. Who cares? I'm sick a' wrasslin' with these hicks and arguin' with 'Big Joe.' Another peep outa him an' I quit."

"Big Joe" interrupted the Terror's musings. "There's a likely looking young fellow—You, over there, how's about earning some easy money, eh?"

"You-over-there" was a big six-foot-two rawboned farmer. He looked around bewilderedly.

"Sure, go ahead, Walter, go ahead."

"Show 'em up, Walter."

"Show 'em how tough we are up here in Waterville."

"Go ahead, Walter."

Walter, bewildered by his friends and proud of the attention given him, said, "O. K."

"Come right this way, young man," said "Big Joe" encouragingly. A few minutes later Walter, dressed in trunks, appeared in the ring—amid the cheers of the audience. After "Big Joe" had bawled out the introductions, the combatants commenced their work. Walter, of course, had no chance to win; but, due to brute strength and courage, his

shoulders did not touch the mat until four minutes had elapsed—no matter how "Terry the Texan Terror" squeezed and grunted. A few minutes later, Walter, with a sheepish but proud grin on his face, received a ten dollar bill from the irate, but smiling, "Big Joe."

That night "Big Joe" gave Terry "the devil", as Terry put it. After arguing for a half an hour Terry said, "Why don't ya get me some easy opponents once in a while? These farmers are too game."

"Gettin' soft, Terry—" "Big Joe" would have said more, but from the glint in Terry's eyes he saw that if he did, Terry would prove that he wasn't getting soft by applying his favorite "Flying Mare" which he was always ready to volunteer when insulted.

Terry replied, "I'm sick of your two-by-four circus, anyway. I quit."

And Terry stamped out.

It was a week later. Terry had gone to New York City after quitting "Big Joe's" circus. He now stood in front of a big five-story brick building bearing the sign "Leventhal and Goldstein, Worsted Mills." Terry had heard that Leventhal and Goldstein were "dippy, but white guys", so he had come here to seek employment. He entered the building and made his way to the office.

"Mr. Leventhal in?"

"No, but Mr. Goldstein is."

"C'n I see 'im?"

"Yes—Go right in."

Terry, formerly the "Texan Terror" entered the office. At his desk sat Mr. Goldstein cracking Indian nuts between his teeth. Mr. Goldstein was a huge man; he had about five chins and an astoundingly large paunch. He looked up, and then sat there chewing his Indian nuts, whose shells he put

in the top drawer. He stopped for a minute, gazed at Terry with his palms folded contentedly over his paunch and raised his eyebrows in a questioning manner.

"I came to see about a job."

Goldstein nodded his big head understandingly and resumed eating his Indians nuts. A few minutes later he looked up from the Indian nuts and his various chins started to roll. After chin No. 5 finished oscillating, a voice boomed, "Wait for Leventhal, my patneh."

Terry sat down and waited for "Leventhal, my patneh". After ten minutes Mr. Leventhal, senior partner and brains of the outfit, entered.

Mr. Leventhal was a small wisp of a man; his eyes were framed by horn-rimmed glasses, and his upper lip was covered with a mouse-colored moustache. He walked in with a sprightly step.

"Hallo, Guldshane."

Goldstein nodded his big head lazily, and resumed his mastication of the Indian nuts.

Leventhal then noticed Terry.

"What can I do for you, young man?"

"I wanna job."

"I see, I see. I'll see if I heff any wacancies,—yes, yes, yes, yes. Here's one just for you. In the shippink deppotment.—He's a nice big feller for soch a job, no, Guldshane?"

Goldstein's chins started to roll. At the end of this process his voice boomed, "Coit'ingly."

He then resumed eating his Indians nuts.

"I think I'll giff him the job, hah, Guldshane?"

The chins rolled—the voice boomed, "you said it."

"Hulkay, twenty-saven dollars a wik. I'm warnink you—it's a wery hod job. You'll take it?"

"Sure."

"What's your name?"

"Terry Hartnett."

"Write it down, will you, Guldshane?"

The chins again rolled, the voice again boomed, "uff coss."

Goldstein again fell to dealing destruction upon his Indian nuts.

A half year had passed. During that time Terry had become a great success in the shipping department of Leventhal and Goldstein, Worsted Mills. He had licked John Reilly, the "toughest guy in the joint"; his salary had been raised to thirty-one fifty a week; and tonight, as the grand climax, he was taking Katy Kerrigan, the belle of Leventhal and Goldstein's, to the movies.

"Nice night, ain't it, Terry?"

"Uhuh."

"Kinda cold, though."

"Yeah."

"I'll be glad when we're in the movies. I like amateur nights, don't you?"

"You bet."

"They're my favorite kind of entertainment."

"Same here."

"Well, here we are."

"Yep."

Terry bought the tickets, and in a few
(Continued on Page 31)

THANKSGIVING DINNER

By Mary Elizabeth Farrell

*On the table Thanksgiving Day
All kinds of goodies find their way.
First comes turkey, ever so brown,
With giblet gravy, the best in town.*

*Creamed onions, squash and celery too,
The mashed potato so good for you.
We can't forget the cranberry sauce,
Or Thanksgiving dinner would be a loss.*

*Fruits, candies, and nuts of every kind
At this banquet we will surely find.
And for dessert what greets our eyes
But the finest mince and pumpkin pies!*

THANKSGIVING CONSEQUENCES

By Loraine Dakin

"BR-R-ING-ING-ING!" goes the doorbell; and the relatives arrive with much ado, late as usual for the annual get-together of the family on Thanksgiving Day. You hasten to glue on that "Glad to see you" smile even though it is hypocritical. You shake hands with all, smiling sweetly when Uncle Oscar cracks one of his dry jokes, at which, no one, but he and Aunt Belinda, laughs. You bite your lip and try to control your temper when dear little cousin William (as his mother calls him) gives you his usual well-placed-kick in the shins. You bid them sit down, wishing there were tacks on certain chairs, (this is not at all like Thanksgiving spirit) and hasten to put another plate on the already crowded table, because Uncle Ken brought Mary, his new girl. You groan as you do so, because now you will not get that extra piece of pie.

"Bon-ng" echoes the dinner gong, and you watch a disgusting rush to the table and a scramble for chairs. Managing with difficulty to get one for yourself, you start to sit—and down you go to the floor with an awful crash!

"Ha-ha-ha," boisterously comes from Willie's lusty chest, and you with a sweet smile say—

"You're full of those tricks, aren't you, you dear boy?" gritting your teeth and wishing you had him in some dark alley for just two minutes.

Finally everyone is seated and the eating begins. How everything disappears! The turkey, now, can hardly boast of a skeleton; the mashed potatoes have not even a lingering ghost; the turnips and cranberries have vanished; and the pie—you did not even get one piece let alone the extra one.

The family adjourns to the parlor and you are instructed to take dear little Willie up-

stairs and amuse him. With icicles in your stare and murder in your heart, you take that bee-yoo-tiful imp, so innocent, now, by the hand and start upstairs, only to return a few seconds later head first. The darling has tripped you. He is very adept at such things.

These tricks keep up for an hour or two, when suddenly Willie spies your new party dress spread out on your bed in preparation for the evening.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten——"

"Willie!! Get away from my new dress!" you yell as he cautiously sneaks toward it with an open, shining, jack-knife.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Oh-h, just playing Indian. I was only going to stab the dress in the heart and then yank it down like this,——" and he makes a motion toward the lovely silk.

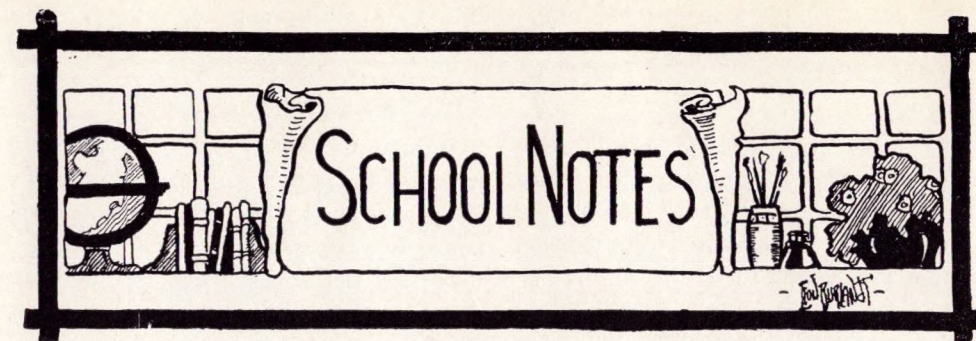
"Willie!" you screech at him, "don't you dare touch that dress," and you make a threatening motion toward him.

"Baw-aw-u. Mother! Elly's trying to hit me," he shrieks at the top of his perfectly healthy young lungs and rushes toward the parlor.

"Come here, Willie, dear," cooes his Mama, giving you a frigid stare, "I see Eleanor's too busy to watch you for me."

At nine o'clock the last guest leaves and you are complimented by your mother on your self control (these being father's relatives). You go to bed quite well satisfied in spite of a bruised shin, a bump on the head, and other minor injuries. But you are at peace only for an hour or two. Then you awake to yell—

"Mother, I've an awful stomach-ache—Ow-ou-u, it hurts, Mama!!"



JUNIOR A ELECTIONS

At a recent meeting of the newly organized Junior A Class the election of officers was held. The class chose the following pupils to guide them through the coming year:

President	Neil Connely
Vice President	Joseph Mezzack
Secretary	Nita Porro
Treasurer	Nanette Goetze

Mr. Milan Herrick was elected class advisor.

George Milne was named chairman of the Junior Prom. He selected the following people to be on the committee: Decorations, David Wade; Invitations, Helen Cronin; Tickets, Joseph Mogavero; Refreshments, Bernice Viale; Reception, Norma Stoessel; House, William Kent; Publicity, John Mangum.

SENIOR PLAY TRY-OUTS

The results of the first try-out for the Senior Play are as follows:

Ruth Marie Cullen, Dorothea Dee, Amelia Ciaburri, Betty Young, Julia Ziemba, Gladys Smith, Frances Beitzel, Yvonne Laurin, Lillian Ferland, Dorothy Rathbun, Geraldine McConkey, Charles Gamwell, Milton Lipschitz, Ben Bookless, Clayton Curtis, Bruce Knapp, Edwin Reder, Wallace Mottor, John Langdon, Warren Hine, Albert Laurin, Edward Stanton, Alphonse Giagnorio, Peter Calutti, John Ciskowski.

The final weeding-out will take place within the next few days. Miss Margaret Ward will coach this production, which promises to be the greatest dramatic achievement of the year—that is, until the next time.

HERE AND THERE

It is rumored about that a certain girl in 206 has to say goodnight to herself every night before she can get to sleep. (P. S. She's a Senior A, if that could have anything to do with it.)

Several persons have expressed the desire to know the history of Bruce's "Daisy" business. It does sound promising.

It seems that a member of the Pittsfield High faculty has been helping business along at Kresge's by purchasing doughnuts from a member of one of his classes. (May we suggest that perhaps he's fond of dunking?)

After letting all the class look into the microscope at a specimen, Mr. Hennessy called upon a certain Senior A, who, after Mr. Hennessy had finished moving the mirror and made a few necessary adjustments, looked in again and called out, "Who put the light out?"

Mr. Innis was leading a discussion in his fifth period French class, when he remarked, "Now let us recapitulate." When he saw the baffled looks on the faces of his listeners, he immediately asked for its meaning. Silence. Then a voice from the rear was heard—"Putting your head back on your shoulders."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

A swimming team for Sophomores is being organized at the Boys' Club. The team will compete with the Juniors and Seniors. So hop to it, Sophs, and come up with winning colors.

A beginners' dancing class for Sophomores is being started. We suggest that some of the upper classmen join this class, too.

TRAGEDY

The greatest tragedy of the football season occurred Saturday, October 30, when Drury High beat Pittsfield High 20-0. This was the first defeat P. H. S. has suffered in three years, and the first defeat by Drury in thirteen years. However, it gave us an opportunity to see that our boys can be as splendid in defeat as in victory. We are still with you, boys.

SENIOR A RING COMMITTEE

Lester Brown has been elected by the Senior B Class as chairman of the ring committee. He has chosen as his assistants Alice O'Donnell, Helen MacGowen, Katherine Blowe, Robert Coggins, and James O'Malley.

EDUCATION WEEK

The week of November 7 to November 13, was American Education Week. Tuesday, November 9, was Parent Day at Pittsfield High School and many pupils entertained their parents by taking them to see the special demonstrations of school work being exhibited in the Gymnasium, the Art Department, and the Vocational Classes.

At 1.30 p. m. the parents met in the Auditorium where Mr. Strout, Miss Parker, and Mr. Moran spoke on newer phases of school work. Then some of the braver students took their parents to meet their teachers and discuss their work.

NEW CLUB FORMED

On Tuesday, October 19, a new Stamp Club was organized at P. H. S., under the advisership of Miss Marion Bulger of the Mathematics Department. At the second meeting of the club the following officers were elected: Abbott Robinson, President; David Harawitz, Vice President; and Daniel Brandt, Secretary-Treasurer. Roger Shelton, Jack Talbot, and David Harawitz were appointed as the first program committee.

THE TED SHAWN DANCERS

Perhaps the best assembly program we have had so far this year was presented by Ted Shawn and his men dancers. This entertainment was put on by the Girls' Physical Education Department, who reported that the demand for tickets was overwhelming. They presented a very fine program, one which was suitable to the ages of high school boys and girls. The final group of dances representing various sports was the high spot of the program and was received with intense enthusiasm. Although everyone liked the assembly, it did seem as though the girls enjoyed it more than the boys.

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club has for its business at the present time, the competitive contest on the Community Fund. The winners of the contest, instituted by Mr. Russell, will be rewarded by well selected gifts.

For all those, who, at present, consider the Debating society as something quite apart from them and from school life, let me remind them that the debating team represents everyone of them and when it fails they, and Pittsfield High, fail. The Debating Club in years gone by has done well but it could reach even greater heights if it received the cooperation of the whole school.

When the football team has had a few tough breaks, you don't let them down, you immediately break into a rousing cheer to show them that you know that they are doing their best and that you're with them. Let's do the same for the debating team, so that at the end of the year, this may be the headline, "The Pittsfield High Debating team has gone over the top in great success through the wholehearted cooperation of every boy and girl in the school."

THANKFUL ON THANKSGIVING

MR. STROUT—For 2,026 friends.

MR. FORD—For his surroundings.

MISS PARKER—For every girl who upon asking for a tardy slip gives her name and home room before being asked.

BRUCE MACDONALD—That the United States is not involved in any of the European or Asiatic conflicts.

MISS PFEIFFER—That she escaped the Candid Camera.

JULIA ZIEMBA—For the Thanksgiving holiday.

EDWARD McKENNA—That he is a law-abiding citizen, and can always find a parking place.

MISS KALIHHER—That there are so many parking spaces; and also for Edwin Reder's explicit explanations of the difficult passages in Muzzy.

MR. DAVISON—For efficient laboratory assistants.

MISS McCORMICK—For a hundred million trifles.

GUNNAR HAGSTROM—That he is able to play with such a "swell bunch" of fellows as the 1937 P. H. S. football team.

MISS NAGLE—For some studious sophomores, for jolly juniors (not too jolly), for dignified seniors.

CHARLES PARKER—That he has Mr. Maloney for history.

MISS MILLET—That the Senior As are so enthusiastic about the plans for their play.

DOROTHY SHELTON—That she's not a turkey.

GEORGE MILNE—That he is a member of the class of '39.

MISS WARD AND MISS McLAUGHLIN—That the hockey season is over with no catastrophes.

CHARLES GAMWELL—That at least 2,000 students are planning to attend the Senior play.

MISS PREDIGER—For a good friend like Miss Kaliher.

MR. GEARY—Will be thankful if it is an open winter. (He lives up in the "sticks").

MISS HODGES—For dictionaries in the study halls.

MILTON LIPSHITZ—That there are still some teachers who like to have their pictures taken.

MISS DOWNS—For the group that studies in 231 the first period.

GERALDINE McCONKEY—That Miss Kaliher is the only teacher who springs tests on her.

MISS MORSE—That gratitude brings joy in experience and in expression.

DRAMATIC CLUB

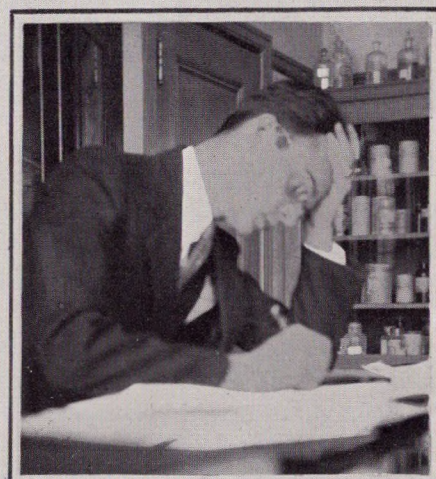
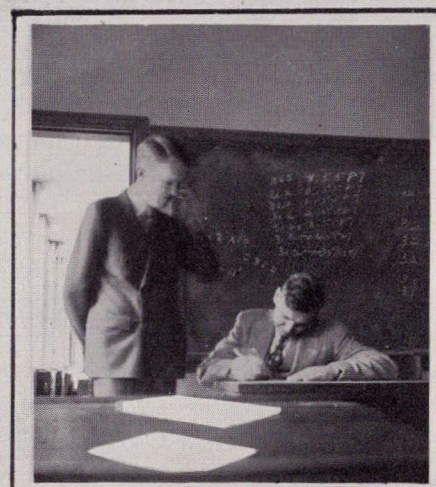
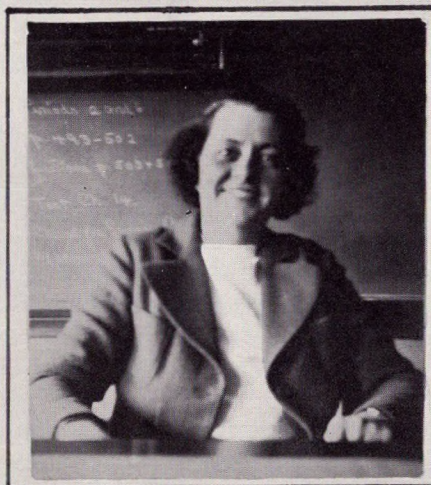
At a recent meeting of the Dramatic Club it was decided that some time in the near future the newly elected members would present the play "Bashful Bobby" under the direction of Charles Sinclair, one of the older members. Rehearsals for this play are now in progress.

The comedy "The Mad Breakfast," which was given by the Club, Friday, November 12, was the initial play of the year, and accomplished most successfully its chief purpose, to entertain.

On Thursday, October 28, an assembly was held at which Mr. Howard P. Davis, a news commentator for News Week, was the guest speaker. His talk concerned the foreign situation, in which he discussed the disadvantages of war, and stressed the point of maintaining peace both in our country and in others.

On Friday, October 29, Mr. Bruce and his wife entertained the pupils with a demonstration of magic. This was paid for by the proceeds of last year's program, and was presented twice so that all could attend. He performed many fascinating, breath-taking tricks, but sad to say, his spirit bell did not tell the truth.

THE CANDID CAMERA



M.H.L.

November, 1937

19

The Candid Camera

Milton Lipshitz

Sophia Pomerantz

DICTATOR!

Yes, Miss Margaret Kaliher is dictator in room 206, but there only; outside her domain she and her automobile are pushed around like everyone else. She spends hours in the morning looking for a place to put her "contraption". (I don't know what it was mistaken for, but once the ash-truck almost carried it away.) Dictator Kaliher upholds betting, but not bluffing. She says that "there is enough hot air in the building already". She's the original reason for the saying "a woman always has the last word". We do concede, however, that if she is an autocrat, she is a benevolent one.



POPSICLE ADDICT

The lady and the automobile are respectively Miss Helen Millet and Miss La Fayette Coupé. As driving is our popular French teacher's greatest enjoyment, she regards her car as almost human, (it also is of French descent) Miss Millet has excellent taste in her choice of clothes. It must be the Parisian in her. She exults in creamy ice cream covered with chocolate (commonly known as popsicles) and lengthy homework assignments. The only method known to arouse her ire is to enter the classroom chewing gum; otherwise, those who know her say that she is a most understanding person.



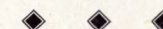
DANCER AND HUNTER

Reading from left to right, the two gentlemen are Mr. Francis Peter Sheridan and Mr. Thomas Francis Geary. It appears that the latter is diagraming some problem for his friend, but Mr. Sheridan just doesn't seem to "get" it.

Mr. Geary's latest hobby is dancing. Since he has seen Ted Shawn, he's convinced that he needs more practise.

Mr. Sheridan is a lover of the outdoor life. His favorite pastimes are hunting and fishing. Many are the occasions when he has scoured our wilderness for unsuspecting prey, but "there was always as much game left in the woods as when I started" he complains.

Both men have admirable dispositions. (We hope).



SOLDIER

The young man in the very studious position is not a pupil, but a member of the faculty—Mr. James A. Conroy, chemistry teacher in room 320. No doubt you've seen students with such troubled countenances, but never a teacher? However Mr. Conroy is not always in that mood. A week ago he might have been seen in the guise of a wooden soldier, in which he won a prize at the Sacred Heart Church Hallowe'en party. Besides eating, gardening is his favorite pastime.





And Why

"SQUEAK"

This fair damsel of the Senior B class is president of the Dramatic Club and editor of the Alumni Notes of THE PEN. Meriel "Squeak" Van Buren fiddles away some of her time on a Stradivarius, and the rest of it in Mr. Meehan's study hall. (Could her strange appellation be thus derived?) She is a zealous believer in good times, candy, and Charley McCarthy. Her only antipathies are bugs, liver and fresh boys. Altogether she's "lots of fun."

OLD RIP

He's president of the Debating Club, yet sleeps in Problems Class; in fact, Mr. Meehan has dubbed him "Rip Van Winkle." Otherwise, he is known as Hugh Toomey, the fellow who likes swing music, history, and chicken salad sandwiches. Hugh has a gift of unaffected, fluent, flowing language which obtained for him, besides the presidency, a place on the victorious 1937 varsity debating team. Aside from his desire to overshadow Demosthenes, his ambition is to learn to "truck."

"FRENCHY"

He really isn't French at all, but for reasons he won't expose, Edward Callahan president of the Senior B class, has acquired the misleading nickname. If the school schedule were left to him to arrange he'd have but three periods—gym, physics, and lunch (in which nothing would be served but blood-seeping hamburgers in toasted rolls.) Aside from not caring for social clubs, dancing, ice cream cones, and long English classes, "Frenchy" likes everything.

DESIGNING WOMAN

Elizabeth Hearn, treasurer of the Senior B class, looks aristocratic, and her tastes coincide with her appearance. She likes French, strawberry ice cream, and driving, but loathes chop suey and rainy days. Although Elizabeth possesses lovely, honey-colored hair, she yearns for fiery-red locks. (Could an article in October's WHO'S WHO have anything to do with it?) For all her brilliance she can't learn to sew a straight stitch, yet hopes to become a costume designer some day.

"GERRY"

Presenting the Senior A play chairman, Geraldine Elizabeth McConkey, better known as "Gerry". She is a lover of all sports, an ardent admirer of Ted Shawn, and a champion for all gum-chewers. She claims that oral topics, biology, and rain are her natural enemies; especially rain which puts to ruin the fruits of a night's suffering on curlers. Among other achievements, "Gerry" has the distinction of having maintained an exceptional scholastic record throughout her school years.

CAVE MAN

He is distinctly the cave man type—tall, massive, and vehement. He'd just as soon go through a door as open it. No doubt you have heard his bellowing voice and thunderous tread resounding through the halls of the school. That is a one-sided picture of our famous cheer-leader, Milton Harold Lipshitz. He has a gentle, thoughtful vein also, in that he peddles milk for his father, minds the children for his mother, and takes WHO'S WHO pictures for THE PEN. For further information consult "Boomer".





PITTSFIELD 18—WILLIAMSTOWN 6

Robert C. Moore

Led by the resourceful Gunnar Hagstrom, who accounted for all three touchdowns, Pittsfield staged a second half rally to vanquish a stubborn Williamstown eleven 18-6 on October ninth.

Coach Sylvester's huskies provided a sensation by intercepting a Pittsfield pass and marching thirty-seven yards to draw first blood within five minutes of the opening kickoff.

Rallying desperately, Pittsfield marched to Williamstown's twenty-four-yard line, lost the ball, and after two successive losses recovered a blocked kick on the two. Three plays later Hagstrom skirted end for the initial Pittsfield touchdown. The next score resulted in the third period, as a result of an intercepted pass and a thirty-seven-yard march culminated by Hagstrom's toss to Lavelle in the end zone. The final six came one play from the end when Tommy Pytko heaved a pass to Hagstrom, who drifted through four or five tacklers to score standing up from the eighteen-yard line.

The first half was quasi-nightmare to Pittsfield rooters. Except for the blocked kick, Williamstown was master, passing almost at will and bottling the Pittsfield offense cleverly. However, the second half happily brought victory, for Pittsfield would not be stopped and its passes and runs sifted through the tired Colletgetowners.

In the fourth period it seemed as if Pittsfield was on the march to a touchdown from

its nineteen. In five plays two first downs were reeled off but a fumble stymied their efforts and on fourth down Hagstrom made his only punt of the day, deep into enemy territory. In two plays Pittsfield was on its way to its third touchdown.

The officials seemed in a quandary at various times. On one occasion Pittsfield had three downs; on another they had five; and at the outset of the fourth period, the head linesman got his directions mixed. Maybe a scoreboard and a compass might have helped. It was a crisp day, and at the half many fans retreated to their cars to get the world series and other football games. . . Hagstrom and Pytko worked well together in the backfield. Lavelle, Downey, R. Renzi, and Albano were outstanding in the line.

PITTSFIELD BEATS HOLYOKE 7-0

Bernard Williams

Pittsfield kept its slate clean by beating Holyoke 7 to 0 on October 16 for its fourth successive victory this year.

Gunnar Hagstrom raced around right end, dangerously close to the sidelines to score for the Stewartmen in the third period of the game. Tommy Pytko converted the extra point.

The "Papermakers" gave the Pittsfield rooters quite a scare, when in the fourth period Laly passed to Murray who galloped down the field for what might have been a touchdown had not Hagstrom downed him on the Pittsfield 10-yard line. Pittsfield held against a fighting Holyoke team striving to tie the score and Pytko intercepted one of

Lally's passes and ran for 40 yards. Here Holyoke held and Pittsfield kicked. The "Papertowners" punted out of danger and just before the final whistle they intercepted one of Hagstrom's passes. There was no danger however, as the whistle blew and the game was over with another victory in Pittsfield's favor.

This year, Holyoke, anxious to atone for the 7 to 0 defeat tendered them so generously in Holyoke by our team last year, made a valiant effort to win and came close to tying the score in the final quarter.

Hagstrom was the star of Coach Stewart's backfield and J. Renzi, Pytko, and Strizzi played good ball. In the line Captain Najimy, not expected to play because of an ankle injury, alternated with Ralph Renzi and the two of them turned in swell performances.

Lally was the outstanding star of Coach Sullivan's aggregation. His left-handed passes caught the Purple and White flatfooted on several occasions.

PITTSFIELD TAKES ADAMS 7-0

Robert C. Moore

Decisively outplayed in its mud battle with Adams but being a team that dotes on breaks, Pittsfield seized its lone opportunity and fashioned it into a 7-0 triumph on October 23.

A minimum gathering witnessed the game played in the mud under threatening skies and were treated to a punting duel, which in spite of Hagstrom's long boots, pinned Pittsfield deep in its own territory most of the game. Being a much lighter team than Adams, the Purple and White found the mud greatly retarded their efforts. Previous to their thirty-three-yard touchdown march they had gained but twenty-six yards, all along the ground and not once had ventured past the fifty-yard line with the ball.

Late in the third period Adams made its lone fumble and Joe Albano covered it on the Adams thirty-three. With Strizzi and Hagstrom alternately pounding the center of the

line Pittsfield travelled the distance in six plays. Strizzi cut through left tackle and into the open on the ten to score the sole touchdown and Hagstrom plowed through center for the point.

For the remainder of the game Adams held almost exclusive rights to the ball. Pittsfield halted a sixty-seven-yard march on its eight and after punting out to the forty stymied another march on their seventeen. As the game ended Gunnar was about to punt out of danger again.

Despite the rain Adams completed six passes in eighteen tries. One trick pass from punt formation totaled thirty-nine yards on two attempts. . . Pittsfield made three first downs against a sum of ten for Adams but games are still decided by the final score. . . In all there were twenty-two punts. Pittsfield's twelve by Hagstrom averaging 38.5 yards, the Adams' boots five yards less. . . . For Pittsfield Hagstrom, Lavelle, and Albano stood out. Sameno replacing Pytko played a good game throughout. . . . Haff and Bacon played best for the losers.

DRURY CRUSHES PITTSFIELD 20-0

Robert C. Moore

Coming up against the highest scoring eleven in Western Massachusetts, one that was thirteen years behind in beating Pittsfield, was not the best way to win a county championship, or remain undefeated for the third year in a row. Consequently the Purple and White fell on October 30, before a more experienced Drury eleven 20-0. They went down three times, but no one saw them come up the usual twice.

A team that features breaks in winning games, Pittsfield traveled all the way to North Adams to watch a team that permitted no breaks and made its own. It was such a startling performance that they stayed all afternoon (they could have left earlier) to watch the parade of Drury plays. Reverses, spinners, off tackle shots, end runs, and forward laterals—each one executed with

timely blocking and hard shifty running—rolled by the Purple Elephants, who watched from behind various Drury blockers.

At their best on straight bucks and off tackle drives, Drury worked the laterals also with such frequency that the Pittsfield secondary spent the afternoon looking for suspicious characters. The G-Men might have helped, but they weren't to be found.

Decisively outplayed by a team that was out for a big year Pittsfield never lost its head or hopes, playing coolly and gamely in defeat. It was due mainly to this that the well-oiled Drury eleven could not roll up a higher score.

During most of the game Drury kept the ball and during those transient periods of possession Pittsfield made but two first downs to their opponent's twenty-one. The Purple and White backs received no protection and time after time the Drury line broke through to nail the runner for a loss.

Due to concentration of forces Hagstrom was not able to get loose; nevertheless he got off some mighty boots . . . Pytko and Sameno looked nice on line plunges and also in their vicious tackles. . . R. Renzi, Cap Najimy, and Donna stood out on the line.

Following the opening kickoff Drury went eighty-eight yards in twelve plays shaking Porter loose around end for the last sixteen. The second resulted from a forward lateral that covered fifty-one yards in all. The last was scored as the culmination of a forty-eight yard march that started from a partially blocked kick. Emery and Farinon scored the last two and Farinon booted the two extra points.

PITTSFIELD VS. ST. JOSEPH'S

By William Ford, Jr.

When Pittsfield High School meets its arch-rival, St. Joseph's on the Common, Thursday morning, November 25, in the annual Turkey Day classic, the city championship will be at stake. Although St. Joseph's has had a mediocre record for this season, it cannot be considered a pushover for the Purple Elephants. Coach Stewart's

men well realize this and will not take the "Saints" lightly.

This is a series that dates back to 1920, and no year has any team won without a stiff fight, and this year's game will be no exception.

The scores of the past games:

1920—Pittsfield	6	St. Joseph's	0
1921—St. Joseph's	7	Pittsfield	0
1922—St. Joseph's	10	Pittsfield	0
1923—Pittsfield	6	St. Joseph's	0
1924—Pittsfield	19	St. Joseph's	0
1925—Pittsfield	13	St. Joseph's	0
1926—Pittsfield	20	St. Joseph's	6
1927—Pittsfield	31	St. Joseph's	0
1928—St. Joseph's	6	Pittsfield	2
1929—Pittsfield	13	St. Joseph's	0
1930—Pittsfield	13	St. Joseph's	0
1931—Pittsfield	13	St. Joseph's	6
1932—Pittsfield	0	St. Joseph's	0
*1933—Pittsfield	7	St. Joseph's	0
1934—Pittsfield	0	St. Joseph's	0
1935—Pittsfield	7	St. Joseph's	6
1936—Pittsfield	12	St. Joseph's	0

*St. Joseph's awarded 1933 game because Pittsfield player was over-age.

Recapitulation

Pittsfield won 11, St. Joseph's 4, two tied. Point total—Pittsfield, 162; St. Joseph's, 41.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES

WORD CHANGING—(1) slow, sloT, slAt, Flat, fEat, feSt, fAst. (2) call, calK, caSk, casE, caMe, cOme.

ARITHMETIC TEST—

(45—11—18) X 6 ÷ 8 = 28½

LETTER WRITING—

OH, SIGH FOR NO CIPHER

You sigh for a cipher, oh, I sigh for you;
Sigh for no cipher, oh, sigh for me, too.
You sigh for a cipher, I decipher so;
I sigh for no cipher, I sigh for you, too.

HIDDEN STATES—Maine (—ma I ne—). Missouri (miss our i—). Vermont (—ver Mont—). Texas (—t exas—). Utah (—ut a h—).

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Lorraine Dowd and Dorothy Douglas

ARCHERY

Many competitors turned out for the archery tournament, held the first week of October. Because of their excellent training the bull's-eye was hit many times. Olga Suhinski captured first place, Janet Shipton second, and Lorraine Dowd third.

Congratulations, girls!

SWIMMING

Many candidates have reported at the Boys' Club to form a P. H. S. swimming team. The girls are ready, willing and able to keep this fine team. We hope they have another victorious season.

Good Luck!

SOCIAL AND SHAWN DANCING

Of course, everyone in P. H. S. would like to become a Fred Astaire or Ginger Rogers. We know that you are all interested, so sign up at the gym offices. Many new steps will be taught by our expert teachers, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Ward.

Miss McLaughlin also shows up well doing Shawn dance steps; therefore, she has organized her Shawn Dancing class, and is preparing to show Shawn that the girls are really as good as the boys.

TRACK

The track tourney will soon be under way with many promising stars. Girls such as Mary Popp, Lorraine Dowd, Anne Spasyk, Geraldine McConkey, Lorraine Frenier and Barbara Hanley will deserve credit when the tourney is over. All girls interested sign up in the gym office and you too may become a great star.

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

Well, at last, the hockey tournament is over and as usual the Seniors came out on top. They were, however, given a stiff battle by the Juniors.

The first game between the Juniors and the Sophomores was quite an easy battle for the Juniors, who won the game 5-1. Mary Shelsey, the hard-fighting right halfback, starred in this game by making three of the Juniors' five goals. The second Junior-Sophomore game was fought a lot harder by the Sophomores as they had had more experience, but they lost 3-0. Captain Edith Leipe, center forward of the Junior team, made two of the three goals, and Mary Shelsey made the other.

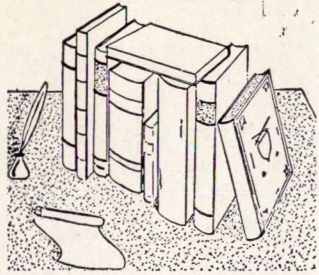
Only two games had to be played between the Seniors and the Sophomores, with the Seniors taking both games. The first was won by a score of 3-1. The second one was not so easy for the Seniors, as they had to play two five-minute overtime periods to win. Finally they won, 3-1, with Barbara Hanley, speedy left-wing of the Seniors, making the two goals.

The best competition was between the Seniors and the Juniors who had to play three games. The first game was hard fought with the Seniors winning 3-1. Geraldine McConkey made two goals for the Seniors. The second game was a different story, however, with no score made until the final five minutes of play, when Mary Shelsey of the Juniors sneaked one by the Senior goalkeeper for the one and only score of the day. Then came the third and deciding game. After much hard fighting the Seniors finally triumphed by a score of 2-1, with the Spasyk sisters of the Seniors each making a goal. The title of champions was then bestowed upon the Seniors, who rightfully deserve the name.

VOLLEY BALL

The volley ball tournament has begun. The Juniors have beaten the Seniors and the Sophomores once; and the Seniors have defeated the Sophomores in one game. However, volley ball will be discussed further after the tournament is over.





Books on Parade

By Bette Dunn

Katrina, by Sally Salminen. In Asterhat-ten in northern Finland, Katrina, industrious, beautiful and romantic waited with eagerness for the Prince Charming she knew would come. Her father, a well to do farmer, offered large dowries that his daughter might marry the most select of the village bachelors, but Katrina paid little attention to men until one day when she met a vagabond who told her of the wondrous Isle of Aland. There, he said, the sun always shone and the apples grew in red, green and blue clusters. She didn't wait for the trousseau and dowry her family were willing to provide, but married the man and hurried off to find the land of eternal sun.

They traveled many miles to Aland, where Katrina saw the red and green apples and the spacious streets lined with white houses, but they were not for her.

She and Johan, her husband, had long since passed the last house on the street, and walked through the green woods and ripe fields before Johan announced that the plot ahead belonged to them. Katrina's joy ebbed as her gaze fell upon the barren rock and tumble down shack that was to be her life's abode.

Left destitute in a strange land, Katrina faced life with great courage, understanding and perseverance. As time passed, she met the hardships of the meager destiny with smiles of hope, for now she had three sons to whom she must convey the love of life and the art of finding the many virtues life holds.

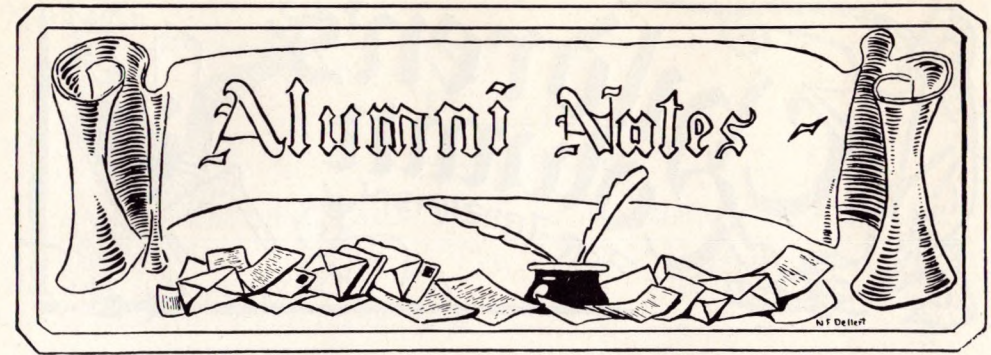
Wonderful is this character, typical of the thousands of courageous women in all lands who grasp existence along the rock bound coast of life.

King Edward VIII, by Hector Bolitho. America finds itself in a royal dither over the prospect of the Duke of Windsor's appearance here. His fame as a monarch and man has spread across the many continents of the world and now each of us is awaiting his turn for a look at the Englishman who dared defy convention.

When Edward was Prince of Wales, Mr. Bolitho served for a time as his "official narrator" living in the Deanery at Windsor and traveling in the Prince's suite. He has written an extremely human and interesting biography of the Duke's work among the poor and his deep interest in the social and economical conditions of the Empire he loves so well.

The book is full of stories connected with Edward at Oxford, his adventures during the war, and his activities in the post war period both at home and abroad. Stories of his great value to the Empire and the bewilderment and disappointment his abdication caused are numerous. Anyone at all interested in Edward's personal and public life, should read this book, and even those that have no particular interest in the Duke of Windsor will find it enjoyable.

Beam Ends, by Errol Flynn. The Siracco, a forty-year old yacht, sailed from Sydney, Australia for New Guinea with four wander-lusting Britishers aboard. Mr. Flynn and his three companions found life on the rolling sea more work and less play than they had anticipated. The adventures encountered by these men along the way furnish material for a most interesting book. The book is characteristic of the charm and vigor of its author—the story is satisfying.



STUDENTS PLEDGED AT STATE COLLEGE

The following students have been pledged to fraternities at Massachusetts State College: Russel Howard, Alpha Sigma Phi; Lionel Reder, Phi Lambda Tau; John Retallick, Theta Chi; and Leslie Rivlin, Phi Lambda Tau.

JOINS FRATERNITY AT TUFTS

Lloyd Gross, a freshman at Tufts College, has been pledged to Kappa Charge of Theta Delta Chi, one of the nine national fraternities having chapters on the Tufts campus.

DAD'S DAY CHAIRMAN

More than one thousand fathers of students at Massachusetts State College were invited to attend the Annual Dad's Day there, Saturday, November 13.

George Haylon was chairman of the Dad's Day committee. The feature entertainment was a student vaudeville show presenting undergraduate talent.

DANCE GROUP CHAIRMAN

Grace Tillou, P. H. S. 1934, has been chosen to head the Interpretative Dance Group at the University of Buffalo. At a recent competitive exhibition in Rochester, the group won second place.

PLEDGE AT TRINITY

William Oliver and Ralph Hayden have been pledged to Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity at Trinity College.

ON DEAN'S LIST AT MICHIGAN

Claire Ackerman, 1935, is on the dean's list which was recently announced at the University of Michigan. A student has to have a B average or higher to be on the dean's list.

ELECTED TO OFFICE

Jeanne Phillips, P. H. S. 1936, has been elected vice president of the class of 1941 at Massachusetts State College.

IN COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Betty Sharley has been chosen a member in the Middlebury College Symphony Orchestra. She plays the French horn. This makes her fourth year with the organization.

Betty has also been active in the band and ensemble. This year she is a member of the A Tempo Club, an organization for students especially interested in music.

ACTIVE AT BUCKNELL

Janet Gallup was recently initiated by Phi Mu social sorority at Bucknell University where she is a member of the sophomore class. Janet is enrolled in the biology course and is preparing for work as a medical secretary. She is affiliated with the Bucknell Symphony Orchestra.

ASSISTED IN CAPPING CEREMONY

Esther Lipschitz assisted in the traditional capping ceremony which was held at Larson Junior College last month.

INFORMAL DANCE AT BAY PATH

Alton Foote, in the second year of his course in business administration at Bay Path Institute, was one of a group of twenty young people who acted as hosts and hostesses at an informal dance at the institute. Henry Dondi was a member of the committee on decorations. He is a member of the senior class and is enrolled in the accounting-finance department.



"I draw a line at kissing,"
She said with fierce intent,
But he was football player,
So over the line he went.

B.S.B.

"Aha!" cried the egg
As it splashed a bit
"I was cast for the villain
And made a hit."

B.S.B.

1917 People: "To Arms! To Arms! Fall in."

1937 Flappers: "Two Arms! Two Arms! Fall in."

B.S.B.

Nit: Let's march along this walk where we used to walk last March.

Wit: I'll try, but my last march didn't last in last March's walk.

B.S.B.

We wonder what would happen to Miss Kaliber if she ever found a parking space without a sign reading "No Parking" beside it.

B.S.B.

Mr. Lynch: "How are Fords made?"
Sol Cohen: "They're not made; they come from plants."

B.S.B.

Soph: "I work with my head, sir."
Teacher: "That's nothing—so does a woodpecker!"

B.S.B.

When sophomores walk down the hall.
They bear a look of dread
That seniors who are passing by
Will step upon their head.

"That will be enough out of you," said the doctor as he stitched the patient together.

B.S.B.

DEFINITIONS

Gargoyle—A mouth wash.
Languish—A nation's speech.
Furnish—What's kept in the cellar.
Chalice—Envious.

B.S.B.

The world was once supposed to be flat.
Columbus proved it to be round.
Now it's crooked.

B.S.B.

Her Father: "Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

Billy: "Gosh, I'll have to telephone Mother first."

B.S.B.

H. R. Teacher (to tardy pupil): "You should have been here at 8.30 when the bell rang."

Henry Miller: "Why, what happened?"

B.S.B.

Judge: "The witness says you were driving your car as quick as thought."

Mr. McKenna: "Oh, I know the witness—he's a very slow thinker."

B.S.B.

Miss Kennedy: "Now give me a long French sentence."

Bruce McDonald: "Vingt Ans." (20 years).

B.S.B.

The letters between the lines in case you've been wondering, mean.

Blush Seniors Blush

Jepson the Jeep.

PUZZLES

By Friend Kierstead, Jr.

A CAT HAS NINE TAILS

A cat has one tail;
No cat has eight tails;
One cat must have one more tail than no cat;
Therefore one cat has nine tails!

WORD CHANGING

Towns usually have to get incorporated to become cities, but see if you can make a CITY into a TOWN in six moves by changing one letter at a time forming a complete word each time. In a like manner change THIS to THAT in three moves.

ARITHMETIC TEST

Take the date of the Presidential Inauguration in January; add the date it used to be in March; subtract the number of square feet in square yard; multiply the total by the number of strings on a violoncello; and divide the product by the number of people in a jury. The answer should be between one and ten.

TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS

How do you spell the preposition that means toward (I go — school)?

How do you spell the word that means also (I will go, —)?

How do you spell the word Caesar said when he was stabbed by the conspirators (Et —, Brute)?

How do you spell the word for 288 divided by 96?

CRYPTOGRAM

QUA QDHYE XYZ IDEAux TE VY
QDHYE WVVX QUCA; VDE WSY-
TEFSY VUFEY DE ZUW WVY XDZW
GFW WVY XDZY.

MYSTERIOUS AGE TABLE

1	2	4	8	16
3	3	5	9	17
5	6	6	10	18
7	7	7	11	19
9	10	12	12	20
11	11	13	13	21
13	14	14	14	22
15	15	15	15	23
17	18	20	24	24
19	19	21	25	25
21	22	22	26	26
23	23	23	27	27
25	26	28	28	28
27	27	29	29	29
29	30	30	30	30
31	31	31	31	31

Ask someone to tell you in which of the above columns his age is. By adding together the top numbers of those columns you can find his age. If you memorize the top numbers, the effect is even more mysterious. With this table you can compute any age up to 31.

Suppose his age is 15, which is found in columns one, two, three, and four. Adding 1, 2, 4, and 8, the top numbers, you get 15, which is the required age.

PUNCTUATE THIS

it is true for all that that that that that that that signifies is not that that that I refer to.

PROBLEM

A certain log is 6 inches wide at one end and 5 inches at the other. If it must roll 300 times to turn completely around and back to its original position, how long is the log?

(Answers Next Month)

LOST IN A LOST CITY

(Continued from Page 9)

the secret passage was easy to find, though hard to open. He was taken by surprise, so we had no trouble. He'd hidden the money nearby, so we got that, too."

* * * * *

"Girls, there's someone to see you," Bob announced the next morning, "Better powder your noses; he looks important."

A moment later they stepped into Mr. Laurence's study to face a very imposing gentleman.

"Good morning," he said, "I am Mr. White of the Seattle office of this company. I believe you young ladies are responsible for the capture of Mr. Greene's—a murderer. Is that correct?"

"We didn't do much—just shut the door on him," stammered Jean.

"But that was a most important thing. You don't know why I'm here? The company wishes you to have the reward for the capture of Juan."

"Reward! We forgot all about it," cried the girls in amazement.

"Shouldn't Bob have some? He was lots braver than we were," put in Ruth.

"He wants you to have his share for the capture—of course, he will receive the reward for the return of the money. Now, would you mind giving me your names, so that the checks can be made out correctly?"

Just then Bob stepped into the room.

"Now you've got all that money, what are you going to do with it? Blow it all at the races?" he asked teasingly.

"Bob! You silly!" they cried. "That means college—together!"

CALLIOPE

(Continued from Page 13)

minutes they were seated in seats that Katy had chosen.

The Master of Ceremonies walked briskly out onto the stage.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we are with another of our amateur nights. As Major Bowes would say 'Around and 'round she goes'—hah, hah, hah. And the master of ceremonies went into fits of laughter at this wonderful bit of humour.

"Ain't he just swell, Terry?"

"Sure."

The master of ceremonies continued, "The first amateur on our program is a little girl, Martha Tyler,—she weighs only 242 pounds—hah—hah—hah."

Again the master of ceremonies went into hysterics. He was evidently enjoying his performance immensely.

A fat girl waddled out on the stage amid the mixed cheers and jeers of the hilarious audience. She sang "Stormy Weather," did a "dance" and then waddled off the stage.

"She was good, wasn't she, Terry? Gosh, I'm glad I'm not as fat as she is."

Katy blushed when Terry looked at her and nodded in agreement.

Then five colored boys, dressed in overalls and battered straw hats, trotted out onto the stage, smiling happily.

"We have here," said the master of ceremonies, "the Virginia Cotton Pickers." (The "Virginia Cotton Pickers" were direct from Harlem, New York City), "what have you to offer, boys?"

"We're gonna sing 'Sweet Sue' an' 'en give an imitation of a Circus Calliope."

The Virginia Cotton Pickers then proceeded to sing "Sweet Sue." They were excellent. The audience started to whistle and cheer. "The Cotton Pickers" thus encouraged, started their imitation of a circus calliope. The imitation was better than the original.

A strange wave of home sickness (I might say circus sickness) overcame Terry as the colored quintet gave their imitation. He had felt it before, but now it was an actual urge. He wanted to be in the circus again. It was in his blood.

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The colored boys had finished. The audience was on its feet, cheering, applauding, whistling, and shouting. "The Virginia Cotton Pickers" would, without a doubt, win first prize.

Katy, her eyes beaming with admiration, turned to Terry.

"Weren't they swell, Ter— Why where did he go!"

"Step right this way, ladies and gents—step this way. See 'Terry the Texan Terror' take on any of your local hemen, who'll volunteer? Come, come, come. Who's the man that'll earn ten dollars for every minute over three he stays in the ring with 'Terry the Texan Terror'?"

ATHLETICS VS. STUDIES

(Continued from Page 7)

Besides, I'll be able to play with the teams another year."

"But what will your mother say?"

"Aw, she's kind of sorry I'm not getting the diploma, but when she sees my name in

the sport pages she feels proud of me."

This conversation might be typical of almost any high school or college boys, one of whom was a "star." The average athlete thinks more of his sport letter than his diploma. He will grind, sweat, toil, day after day, for three or four hours after school, running the risk of literally "busting his neck", getting bruised and knocked about, just for the glory of exhibiting a piece of felt to his friends and family. This same athlete will probably grossly neglect his studies in class, let alone doing any extra outside work. For the average athlete it is more difficult work to study and grasp the knowledge on a printed page than it is to execute the difficult "XYZ" play that the coach showed him.

It appears that the pullman has been put before the essential engine. Athletics have taken away the real meaning of school. The cultivation of the mind is sinking deeper into the mire of neglect; the cultivation of the body is safely perched on high dry land, but uncertainty is on the other side of that hill.

---STUDENTS---
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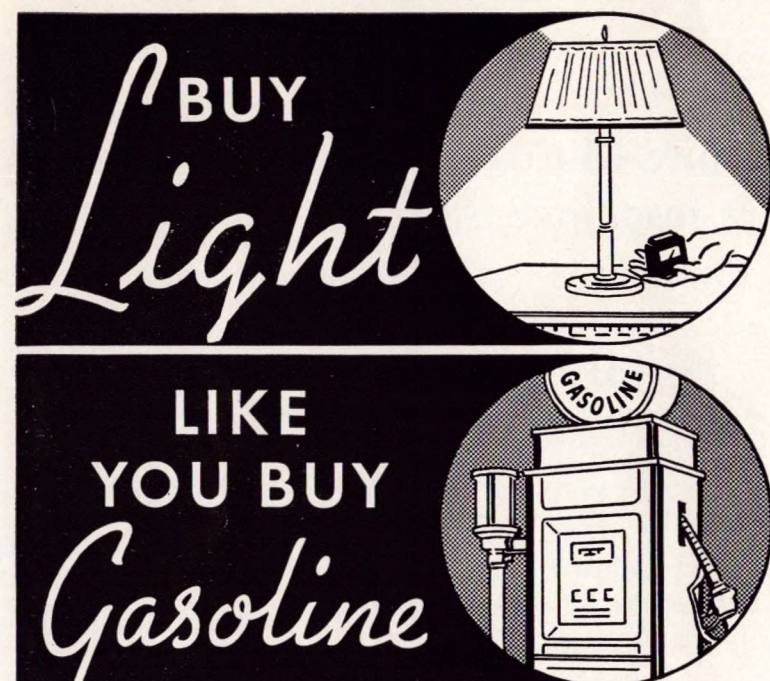
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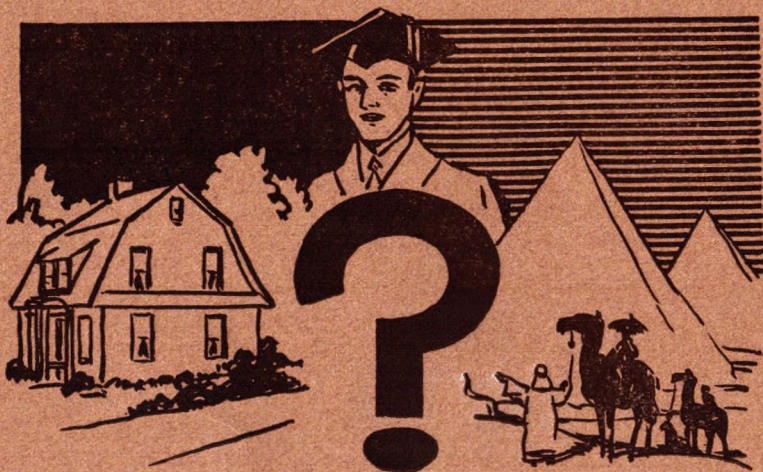
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